



Lexington, Ky., May 22, 1886

BORROWED SMILES.

HOW STRIKES GROW.
There was an old maid in Danbury
Made a meal of the half of a cranberry.
But the story it grew,
And the first thing she knew,
From a hall to a few
It was stated as true—
Then a gallon—then two,
Till old Mrs. McKew
Told the news as if true,
That a Mrs. Miller
Ate a wonderful stew
Of a ton of cranberries in Danbury.
—[Danbury News.]

A cemetery is a beautiful place, yet no one will live in it until after he's dead.

A man should always appear in a good humor when on the street. At home is the place to look grim and sour.

Never refuse advice. Of course you have no use for it. Nobody ever has. But it is very handy to have, to give to somebody else. —[Burdette.]

A truth of much embellishment is necessarily weak. Truth alone and simple is beauty in the rough. In fact, it is all the virtue necessary for any one person.

Mistress—"Why, Delia, what in the world have you done?" Delia—"Shure, ma'am, the master said the gas was leaking, and I put up the pail to catch it." —[Tid Bits]

Grocer—"Half a pound of tea which will you have, black or green?" Servant—"Shure, aither will do. It's for an old woman that's nearly blind." —[Chicago Ledger.]

The class in natural history being asked the difference between a dog and a tree, the head boy answered, "A tree is covered with bark while a dog seems to be lined with it." —[N. Y. Ledger.]

An exchange advertises: "Wanted a boy for bottling." This must be a new industry, and it's a wonder it wasn't thought of before. A good many boys ought to be bottled; it may be the only way to keep them from spoiling. —[Detroit Free Press.]

A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, thus wrote to her friend: "Dear Jim, come right off if you are coming at all. I'd have kind erman in mind that I shall have him, and he says he'll come to me, so I can't hold out much longer." —[Boston Post.]

"Well, Dinkins, are you going to the club to-night?" "I haven't made up my mind yet." "Haven't? Why it's time to be there now." "I know, but my wife hasn't got back from the woman's meeting yet." "Ah, I see. You can't make up your mind until your wife brings it home." —[Boston Globe.]

"An February March?" asked the punter, with a sly smile. "He says no," replied the quiet man, "but April May." The punter did not utter another word to effect. —[Boston Transcript.]

Fogg crossed the ferry the other day. In speaking of it he said: "I had just time to catch the boat, so I tossed two cents to the toll man and ran down the dock in full speed." "Why?" said Brown, "three cents is the fare." So the ferry folks were out a cent. "And I," replied Fogg, "was innocent." —[Boston Transcript.]

A festive dance came into our sanctum. He had a poem; we kindly thanked him. With the office club we gently plunked over the top of his philtrum. He swore an oath which sounded like blunkum, and gazed at us like a dinged old crank, and then there was a vacancy in our sanctum. —[Exchange.]

"And, oh, did I tell you about little Henry, grandma? He's got a bicycle!" "Land alive! Well, don't get excited about it. Just you put a big portion of soap and sugar on it and change every morning and it'll be gone in three days. Your grandfather used to have 'em every night's time, regular as time. They ain't nothin', they'll do him good." —[Boston Transcript.]

A boy of five years, the son of a clergyman, had behaved rudely in company, and so when visitors filed into the dining room, he found there was no place for him at the regular table. His plate and knife and fork were at the side table, and thither the boy was banished. No sooner was he seated in his high chair than he bowed his head, clasped his hands, and said in solemn tones: "Oh, Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast prepared a table for me in the presence of mine enemies!" —[Christian Union.]

"Michael Strogoff," a spectacular play which is now causing the country to go mad, may be a fine affair, but still there is a lack of appropriateness about it. It is necessary, in the play, to have a Russian army, yet we do not believe that the Russian army can be appropriately represented by two tramps and a lame negro; and again, a well equipped army should not be armed with two rusty muskets and a horse pistol. There is something grand about a military band, yet a military band should consist of something more than a battered tuba, a split flagelot, a complaining flute, and an ill-used bass drum. We have no desire to injure the prospects of the "Strogoff" company, for we acknowledge that its scenery is good—for lighting fires. Somehow, though, we do not believe that a great city can be properly represented by a few smears of paint and a glimmer of light shining through a hole. Seriously speaking, it would be well for people who desire entertainment to shun "Michael Strogoff" and to turn to a charity ball. Recently while the troupe was in Little Rock, some of the actors became involved in a quarrel, just before the curtain went. They seized the guns of the army, but the guns were found to be worthless. It is a pity that the soldiers had not been armed.—[Arkansas Traveler.]

Another Confederate War-Horse.
Mr. Palmer Sheldon, postmaster at Ames, Iowa, says: "It is a mistake to say that General Jackson's old sorrel, recently dead, was the sole survivor among horses of the rebellion, for Capt. J. Rush Lincoln, professor of Military Tactics at State Agricultural College, has with him the horse he rode during the rebellion in the First Maryland Confederate Cavalry, wherein he served as Captain. The old horse is said to be a thoroughbred. He is dark brown, about fifteen hands high. He is in good health, and as fat and sleek as a colt. The Captain rides him to all the State encampments and reunions, and when he takes part in them battles the horse seems to enjoy the excitement, for he is right on his mettle as soon as the firing begins." —[Chicago Ledger.]

What They Got in Mexico
Capt. Ben E. Fagan writing to us from Fort Leavenworth, Mo., says: "My boys got a lot of things from the city, and myself got, bleed and died (almost) in the war with Mexico, and returned to Kentucky covered with vermin and glory. Both of us now are old men who have almost lost the capacity of being surprised by anything, and we would think it all right if we were to see our old friend General Sherman marching down Main street, all in a gang by himself, with his Springfield war paint on the nose and his sword in his hand. I have stepped down and out from my pedestal in the court house, and with my little boy going to meet and welcome the old military rooster." —[Ex.]

A Salutary Lookout
"What do you want?" screamed Mrs. James from the window to her husband on the front steps at 3 o'clock this morning.
"I want to come in," he growled.
"Well, you can't come in," she said.
"The 'o' kum' is in fire in his establishment, and you will have to reply elsewhere," and she slammed the window down and went back to bed.
—[Washington Globe.]

Thought it Was a Saw.
"Was the shining red blade which I held in my hand a saw, a carving knife?" inquired an Old City barber.
"Why?"
"I asked if the razor hurt you?"
"As it a razor?"
"Of course it is. Why?"
"I thought it was a saw, but if you are sure it is a razor, go ahead!" —[Boston Globe.]

A CHILD'S DEFINITION.—A child six years of age was asked by her parents to write a composition. She asked on what subject she was to write, her father said write about the goat. The first sentence the little one wrote was: "A goat is an animal with four legs, one at each corner, he stands on his hind legs and eats his dinner of paper off his fingers." —[N. Y. Post.]

No one ever fully comprehends the world's nature, but many a man who has had the bottom of his hopes and aspirations knocked into oblivion by the unfolding world has caught a faint glimmer of humanity.

"I'm very sorry," said an affable old lady, "my troubles are always increasing, as my friends are all the time telling me, but I do wish they'd throw off the disguise once in a while." —[Boston Globe.]



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